

Dragon Of The Sea

by Vani Jane

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Summary: Captain Arthur Kirkland ruled the seven seas and was feared by all. And it was thanks to his secret weapon: his lover, Alfred F. Jones, a dragon. USUK. Rating for Alfred's playfulness - but nothing too explicit, only suggestive scenes.

1. Chapter 1

Title: Dragon Of The Sea

Series: Axis Powers Hetalia

Pairing: America & England / Alfred & Arthur

Rating: T

Genre: Romance, Humour, Drama

Warning: Shounen-Ai, Human Names, Butchering of History

Disclaimer: This is a work of fiction by a fan for fans. Axis Powers Hetalia rightfully belongs to Hidekaz Himaruya.

Summary: Captain Kirkland ruled the seven seas and it was because of his secret weapon: his lover, Alfred, a dragon.

Author's Note: This is what happens when you play Class of Heroes, Fire Emblem 13, watch 'How To Train Your Dragon' and read all those Hetalia pirate doujinshi all in one day - you get crazy ideas of dragon-shifting right hand men of the Captain.

WHUT?

"_Capitan_!"

Antonio looked up from the squirming tomato he held in his arms. A

second ago he had been wearing the best and friendliest smile in the world but now, his smile was non-existent and he looked quite menacing as he stared at the man who disturbed his tomato-time.

"What is it?" He hissed, each syllable sound more menacing than the last.

"Er... T-the- the Dragon! The Dragon was just spotted!"

"What?" Antonio gasped and his hands shook.

"Tonio?" The tomato in his arms looked up at him, confusion on his bright amber eyes.

"It's nothing, Lovi." Antonio assured the small child and placed him on the bed. "Stay here, I'll be back shortly."

With that, Antonio stood and left the cabin all the while pulling the sailor out. He closed the door and made sure that Lovino wouldn't be able to make an exit from the cabin.

"What happened?" He asked his subordinate.

"The Dragon, _Capitan_." He nearly whimpered, "The Dragon was just spotted, it's close."

The image of Lovino filled his head. His tomato.

"Can we avoid it?"

"No, _Capitan_. They're too close."

Antonio tried to swallow the lump on his throat, it wouldn't go down. He could just picture his tomato, his roasted tomato â€" it was not a pretty sight.

Without another word, Antonio ran up to the deck, where he could see his men panicking like chickens. It was unsightly but he understood why and he could excuse them for acting that way. He would have done the same if not for the tomato in his cabin.

He took a spy glass from the nearest possible source and looked through it. Indeed, he immediately spotted a large and majestic ship. Elegant and sturdy in design and make. He could easily take such a ship down with his vessel but if it was indeed the Dragon...

The Spaniard let out a hiss as he saw the flag it raised. Undoubtedly, it was the ship that belonged to his good old friend, Arthur. It was both a blessing and a curse.

He could take any ship down, just not Arthur's. He would gamble on it but he couldn't not when he had Lovino in his cabin. He couldn't let the poor boy witness something as gruesome as that.

He handed the glass back to the sailor beside him and he turned to his right-hand man. "_Amigo_, raise the white flags. It's the Dragon."

"Aye, aye, _Capitan_." His right hand man nodded, fully understanding

why their proud captain had to choose such a cowardly act. "And if I may, _Capitan_, you saved us all."

Antonio merely nodded and looked back at the incoming ship, "Make it fast."

His right hand barked out the orders and his men went to work, embarrassingly enthusiastic about giving up. Antonio sighed, he was going to lose all his cargo, his boss was not going to be happy but he was going home alive with Lovino in his arms.

xxxx

Arthur Kirkland, captain of the Dragon, laid on his bed, covered in sweat and sticky liquid as he panted. His legs were wrapped around his lover, Alfred F. Jones, who had been riding him since he laid on the bed hours, he wasn't entirely sure if it had only been hours, ago.

"A-Alfred..." Arthur gasped, his arms going around broad shoulders as he held on for dear life. "I-I'm co-"

Knock! Knock!

"Excuse me, Captain!"

"Bloody awesome timing, git." Arthur hissed under his breath as he glared at the door while Alfred merely chuckled at his lover's expression.

"What is it?" Arthur snapped, irritated and angry at being disturbed.

"It's the Tomato, Captain."

"Oh, great." Arthur gritted his teeth and was about to respond when Alfred ground his thighs down on his. He quickly captured the captain's mouth with his, muffling the moan that came.

After breaking the kiss, Arthur glared at Alfred while he grinned innocently.

"Captain?"

Arthur cleared his throat and looked to the door but Alfred held him by the chin to look at him. Arthur blushed as the blue orbs looked at him, took him with such passion.

"I'll be-" Arthur bit down his tongue to avoid moaning. _Oh, good god. That felt good._

"Are ye all right, Captain?"

"Y-Yes!" Arthur gasped, covering his mouth as Alfred resumed his thrusting. "I-I'll be- com-coming- sh-shortly!"

"Aye, Captain."

Arthur listened to the fading footsteps before letting out the moan he had been holding in. A few more thrusts and he came, followed by

Alfred. They both laid spent, Alfred on top of Arthur, as they gasped for air.

"Y-You..." Arthur began as he shot a look at Alfred.

"You liked it." Alfred grinned and gave the captain a peck on the lips. "Besides, I'll be needing the motivation for the fight with the Tomato."

"Urgh..." Arthur placed a hand to his sweaty forehead, "He could have given his ship a better name, for the love of Jove."

"He named it after his 'tomato'." Alfred chuckled as he nuzzled his head on Arthur's chin, "Hey, you named your ship after me, same thing."

"I have better naming skills."

"You both lack originality."

"Git."

"I love you, too."

Arthur sighed in content as he whispered, "I love you, too."

The sound of the running footsteps on deck pulled him out of his reverie, he tapped Alfred on the shoulder, "Get up. Time to get to business. The sooner it's done, the sooner we can eat breakfast."

"It's midday, though." Alfred grinned before getting off of Arthur.

xxxx

Now fully clothed in his captain's garb, Arthur stepped onto the deck with Alfred trailing just behind him, carrying a watch glass. Alfred looked through and saw the Tomato, and he could also see the white flag that was raised.

"Odd," Alfred muttered before handing the watch glass to Arthur.

"What do you mean?" Arthur asked, taking the watch glass and looked through. A smirk appeared on his face. "Well, look at that."

"They've hoisted a white flag." Alfred chuckled, "Looks like yet another uneventful day in the seas, Captain â€" or are they just faking it?"

"A possibility, especially with that sneak." Arthur said, handing him the watch glass. He turned his attention to his right-hand man, "Miles, have the cannons and the men prepared. Unless the Tomato fires, we attack back. I want that ship, its cargo and its captain in chains."

"Aye, Captain!" With that, Miles turned and began barking orders at the crew.

"I should get ready, too." Alfred said but Arthur stopped him.

"I don't think it's necessary. Besides, with Tonio, he'd be far more scared in seeing you standing beside me."

Alfred laughed at that. Antonio was a good friend on land but on the sea, he was a good enemy, too.

xxxx

"Arthur, Alfred, I'm begging you, _amigos_." Antonio pleaded the moment Arthur and Alfred stepped on board his ship. "Don't kill my men, no blood â€" please, _amigos_. Just this once, I'll even do the kitchen work until we reach land â€" just don't burn down the ship or my men."

Arthur cocked a great brow at the Spaniard, he rarely begged when they were on sea. But before he could inquire further, there was a loud scream coming from below deck followed by the sound of running and crying.

"Tonio!" A kid looking very much like an eight-year-old emerged from the captain's cabin, running towards Antonio.

"Lovino!" Antonio gasped, taking the child into his arms. "What happened?"

"The ship shook and I got so scared, _bastardo_! I thought we were under attack!" Lovino cried.

Ah, so that was the reason.

Arthur and Alfred stared at the crying child clinging onto Antonio's leg. Nope, there was no way they could burn the Spaniard's ship with Lovino on board. It was their secret agreement of some sort, if they were travelling with a child, there would be no violence. But in exchange, the ship would be under the other's full control and all cargo would go to him.

"Aw, stop crying, Lovino." Alfred bent down to smile at Lovino, then produced a bar of chocolate from his pocket and handed it to the boy. "Check it - it's chocolate! I bet you don't find that everyday on sea."

Lovino took the chocolate and devoured it as his tears began to slow down. Alfred grinned and ruffled the kid's hair. "I have more in Arthur's ship, I'll bring some later, okay?"

Arthur looked at the exchange and a small smile came to his face. They had been in a similar situation once before, but he was on with a younger Alfred. Worse, it had been Gilbert's ship that caught him. Gilbert had stuck to their silent agreement but he made Arthur scrub the deck the whole time while Alfred played with Gilbert.

"You're in charge of kitchen duty until we hit land." Arthur told Antonio with a sigh.

"_Muchas gracias, amigo_!" Antonio beamed and embraced Arthur, "I knew you would understand, _amigo_! Don't worry! I'll make you the

finest meals you've ever tasted on-

"Hands off, _amigo_." Alfred frowned pushing Antonio from Arthur and placing his arm around Arthur possessively.

Antonio had many wonderful things to say that would surely embarrass Arthur but he decided it could wait until they landed, where they were friends again. "_Lo siento_, I was just too happy. Let's not get testy, _si_?"

xxxx

Antonio and Lovino shared their dinner with Arthur and Alfred in the Dragon's captain's quarters because Arthur had a bigger cabin than Antonio and Lovino wanted more chocolate.

"No, we shouldn't go that way." Antonio shook his head, "Francis sent over Pierre, nothing but storm there. He's stuck there, too."

"Perfect, I hope he drowns." Arthur giggled then looked at his map again, "Ah, that means it'll take us an extra month longer to reach land. Well, I don't have any problems with that."

"Me neither." Alfred grinned, "We have better food now that you're in kitchen duty, Tonio."

Antonio grinned, "_Gracias, amigo_. But what can I say? My food tastes bett... er... good."

"Nice save," Arthur said flatly and Antonio merely grinned.

"Since my ship was stocked with tomatoes, there's no problem with food."

xxxx

Arthur removed his coat the moment Antonio and Lovino left for the Tomato. So, they now had an extra month on sea well, it worked to Arthur's advantage. When he was on sea, there were lesser troubles to deal with – the more with Antonio as his captive and Francis stuck in a storm somewhere.

Strong arms wrapped around his waist and he was pulled back to a strong chest. "Finally, they're gone!"

Arthur chuckled, "I thought you were enjoying yourself with Lovino."

"He took nearly all my chocolate." Alfred whined, "And I planned to use those on you, too."

Arthur blushed, caught off guard. "Git!"

Alfred grinned and brought Arthur to the bed, "I still have some left, though. Let's get back to where we left off this afternoon."

**To Be Continued...?*

****Author's Note:** ****Yes, the ship's names are Tomato and Dragon. Uh, don't ask. Seriously, don't. And I had planned for this to be a one-shot but my fingers thought otherwise.**

So, please ****don't forget to leave a REVIEW or CRITIQUE**!** ****_No flames_****, though, please â€" Tonio does not approve of roasted tomatoes. XD

Thanks for reading!

2. Chapter 2

****Title:** ****Dragon Of The Sea**

****Series:** ****Axis Powers Hetalia**

****Pairing:** ****America & England / Alfred & Arthur**

****Rating:** ****T**

****Genre:** ****Romance, Humour**

****Warning:** ****Shounen-Ai, Human Names, Butchering of History**

****Disclaimer:** ****This is a work of fiction by a fan for fans. Axis Powers Hetalia rightfully belongs to Hidekaz Himaruya.**

****Summary:** ****Captain Kirkland ruled the seven seas and it was because of his secret weapon: his lover, Alfred, a dragon.**

****Author's Note:**** I wrote this out a month ago and I forgot to update this fic, being more concentrated on my newer ones. I'm really sorry. But I finally found it after browsing through my documentsâ€"anyway, happy reading!

Antonio and Lovino had been under the _care _of Captain Arthur for nearly a month now and surprisingly â€" well, not really when it was The Dragon you were sailing with or on â€" they had encountered not a single speck of trouble over the past few weeks.

And by trouble, that meant battles and other nasty ships. But if trouble meant Alfred's obsession with 'treasure' then there was a whole lot of trouble.

"For the last time, Alfred," Arthur exclaimed, his cheeks flaming with anger on his pale skin, "If you take anything else on board, this ship will sink to the bloody bottom of the ocean!"

"B-But..." Alfred whined, dragging behind him a large crate of something what Arthur suspected to be a statue of something shiny or sparkly. "But I want it!"

Arthur cocked an eyebrow at the dragon-_child _and snorted, "You are no longer a bloody child, Alfred! That reason isn't going to cut it! Your _treasure _is slowing us down!"

"But it's shiny! And sparkly!" Alfred whined, he looked like he was going to piss on his breeches and all Arthur could do was roll his

eyes.

"So are the rest of the items you brought on board every time we hit port." Arthur crossed his arms, "And so are the stuff you have both back home in England _and _in the Americas!"

Alfred pouted, "B-But..."

"_No_, Alfred. _No_."

"There's plenty of space on the Tomato." Alfred suggested hopefully, "This baby can go there!"

"And what happens when we dock and the Tomato leaves? This ship has no more space for your junk!"

Alfred gasped dramatically, "It's not junk! It's _our _precious treasure!"

"If I could sell it, then it'd be truly treasure." Arthur grumbled under his breath, most the stuff Alfred got would make them rich in a matter of seconds if only they would sell it but _no_, the dragon _refused _to part with his treasure.

"Artie, _please_..." Alfred pouted, his baby blues glistening with sadness.

"Urgh..." Arthur groaned and forced control upon himself.

"_Please... Artie..._"

"Oh, God save me." Arthur sighed as he turned on his heel, his back facing Alfred. "_Fine!_ But that thing is going on the Tomato."

"Yeah!" Alfred grinned instantly and tackled Arthur into a great bear hug. "I knew you'd understand! Man, I love you, Artie! You should see how shiny and sparkly it is! It's so shiny! And sparkly!"

Arthur blushed but he tried to force it away, though. He hated it whenever Alfred _begged _with _that _pout and _that _annoying look in his eyes " he could _never _say no to that combination of cuteness and utter adorableness. It was like, a sin. It had been like that ever since Alfred was a child and unknowingly, Arthur had spoiled the lad to _this_.

Then again, he did read up somewhere that dragons were naturally attracted to _treasure_. However, that book never did explain what kind of treasure. Now, Arthur knew that treasure was synonymous to junk when it came to Alfred's definition of the word.

"Yes, yes, I'll see it once we dock at the Americas." Arthur said with an uninterested tone, he was usually not interested with Alfred's treasure but he always loved the look in Alfred's face when he was showing off or talking about his treasures.

"Man, _amigo_, could you not just have it shipped to your estate?" Antonio asked as his crew loaded the large crate on board.

"It won't get there in time!" Alfred whined, he was overseeing to make sure his treasure wasn't going to be harmed in anyway. "Besides, it's too dangerous for something like that beauty to be far away from my security!"

"_Si_, whatever you say, _amigo_." Antonio shook his head as he remembered visiting Arthur's estate in England, they had to build a separate building for Alfred's treasure, as the boy called it, because there wasn't any space left in the main house.

Then it hit the Spaniard and he had to ask, "What happens if someone steals your... uh... treasure?"

Alfred's glowing smile immediately vanished from his face, replaced with something dark and nearly as evil as Arthur and Antonio with a strong dash of Gilbert.

"They. Will. Pay." The usually cheerful blonde answered with a tone that matched the look on his face.

"Um, I see... Well, I see." Antonio nodded, his throat dry. He never expected that sort of reaction from him but then, he had never heard of anyone stealing from a dragon and lived. Most of the stuff he learnt about dragons were just rumours from the talks in pubs and taverns.

"Oh, well, I'll go see what Artie's up to now." Alfred grinned, whistling as went on his merry way.

"He fits right in the family." Antonio shook his head with an amused grin.

It had been three days since they last saw land and two days since they last saw the vast ocean. They were shrouded in mist and at first, it wasn't too thick to worry about. But now, it was thick enough that Arthur could faintly see the Tomato and Antonio vice versa with the Dragon.

Although it was the perfect opportunity to out sail the Dragon, Antonio didn't feel like running away, there were too many complications if he did. One, and the most important one, was Lovino being involved in danger. And finally, two, which was probably the one he most feared, there were three crates in his cargo that belonged to Alfred and after their anything but pleasant conversation a few days earlier, Antonio didn't want to even _think _of taking the dragon's treasure.

In fact, the Spaniard had told his crew repeatedly to _never _touch the crates unless it was to move or to secure them. He even prayed at night for Alfred's treasure to be perfectly in tact until they reached land, where it would finally be unloaded from his ship.

However, there were always the bad tomatoes. Every ship had them. They were either too brave or too foolish.

"Alfred?" Arthur whispered in the dark the moment he felt Alfred tense up beside him. "What's wrong?"

"I _feel_ something." Alfred whispered darkly under his

breath.

Arthur blushed, "For the love of â€" I told you we're sleeping tonight, you-"

"No, I don't mean that!" Alfred snapped embarrassingly, "Not that I don't want to since I want to but you're being a prick about it so-"

"Shut up, you git!" Arthur was tempted to hide under the covers and he was about to if not for Alfred sitting up and pulling the sheets with him. "God, what is wrong, Alfred?"

When Arthur saw the look on Alfred's face, he realised that the git wasn't joking or humouring him into bed. Well, he knew that a few seconds ago but now, he just realised how serious the situation was with Alfred looking like he was about ready to murder someone.

"Alfred?"

"Someone is stealing my treasure." Alfred muttered darkly, sniffing the air. The next second, he was on his feet and out the door.

Arthur lay there, blinking and clutching the sheets for a second longer before having the sense of jumping out the bed to go after Alfred came upon him. But unlike the younger, more distressed man, Arthur had pulled his discarded shirt from the floor and placed it on as he ran up to the deck.

Upon reaching there, the Brit found out that he could barely see three feet ahead of him which was why he bumped into someone short and the second after, he heard a cry and hushed whispers in what he thought was Spanish or Italian, he wasn't sure. It all sounded the same to him.

"Tonio, is that you?" Arthur asked, trying to get a clearer look.

"Arthur?" The Spaniard replied and the crying suddenly lowered.

"Gads, it is." Arthur wrinkled his nose, "What are you doing here on my ship this time of night?"

"Er, well... you see, amigo..." Antonio cleared his throat, "Little Lovi here was craving for some chocolate."

Arthur rolled his eyes, of course. Antonio lived to please and spoil his little tomato, so whatever the little boy asked, the Spaniard would give, give and give. Heck, if Lovino asked for the nation of Spain, there was a high possibility Antonio would hand it with a silver platter and a year supply of tomatoes.

"That better be the truth," Arthur threatened and before he could continue any further, they heard a roar. And saw a fireball plunge into the ocean before the water rained on them.

"_Dios mio_!" Antonio gasped as Lovino attached himself to the

Spaniard's leg in fright.

"Oh, bloody hell." Arthur muttered and went to the edge of the ship, towards the fireball where he believed Alfred was. "Alfred?"

"Lovi, calm down, _mi tomato_." Antonio whispered and carried the shaking Italian in his arms before following Arthur. "Just stay quiet and brave. Alfred will not hurt us."

When he faintly saw the outline of Arthur's body, the Spaniard called, "Arthur, what is going on? Why isâ€_Dios_! My ship!"

Antonio paled as one of Alfred's fireballs was making its fiery way to the Tomato.

****To Be Continued...****

****Author's Note: ****I honestly have the worse ever internet connection at the moment but still decided to go and update this. XD Anyway, thank you for reading this and for all of you who had reviewed, placed this in your favourites and/or alerts list. Thank you very much! :D

Shameless promotion-Please check out my other Hetalia fics as well:
**Kiss Me Here**, _**Minty Fresh**_, _**Melt**_, _**The Big News: Alfred & Arthur**_, _**World's End**_, _**The Big News: Francis & Matthieu**_, _**Nightmare**_, _**Choco Choco**_, _**Hung for Hungary**_, _**Just Another Meeting**_, _**Password Error**_, _**Creamed Trousers**_, _**The Best Man**_, _**Ring Tone**_, _**Concerned Brother**_, _**Happy Camping**_, _**Alfred's Hangover**_, _**Taste of Love**_, _**Possessive**_, _**Fetish**_, _**Lovino's Favourite Cap**_, _**Tokimeki Memorial World Edition**_, _**Public Display of Affection**_, _**Wilted Rose**_, _**Coffee & Tea: A Hundred Day Challenge**_, _**Cupcake **_and _**Broken Bones**_

End
file.